

# AUNT CHLOE

2020 ISSUE YEAR

Black

Lives

Under Assault

Jericho Brown

Bullet Points

I will not shoot myself

In the head, and I will not shoot myself

In the back, and I will not hang myself

With a trashbag, and if I do,

I promise you, I will not do it

In a police car while handcuffed

Or in the jail cell of a town

I only know the name of

Because I have to drive through it

To get home. Yes, I may be at risk,

But I promise you, I trust the maggots

Who live beneath the floorboards

Of my house to do what they must

To any carcass more than I trust

An officer of the law of the land

To shut my eyes like a man

Of God might, or to cover me with a sheet

So clean my mother could have used it  
To tuck me in. When I kill me, I will  
Do it the same way most Americans do,  
I promise you: cigarette smoke  
Or a piece of meat on which I choke  
Or so broke I freeze  
In one of these winters we keep  
Calling worst. I promise if you hear  
Of me dead anywhere near  
A cop, then that cop killed me. He took  
Me from us and left my body, which is,  
No matter what we've been taught  
Greater than the settlement  
A city can pay a mother to stop crying,  
And more beautiful than the new bullet  
Fished from the folds of my brain.

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